

Reclaiming the Mantle

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Summary: We are the last of those who gave their lives to protect this galaxy. Your time is at an end - we have come to reclaim the Mantle you forsook. We are the Forerunners. This is our answer.

Reclaiming the Mantle

****Disclaimer: Do not own Halo or SG-1.****

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****Please! Ask me questions! Make me feel smart! Hah-hah!**

****.****

****You are Reclaimers. ****

****We are the last of those who gave their lives to protect this galaxy. You are interlopers into our domain, beyond the rim of the Galaxy like those who crafted us in their image. You have allowed the Goa'uld to grow and Elder Races to cull. Your time is at an end - we have come to reclaim the Mantle you forsook. ****

****We are the Forerunners.****

****This is our answer.****

****.****

The endless space around the star system was bristling with signs of life. The blackness of the void was enhanced by the teasing twinkling on bright little stars and the bright white fog that formed the galactic core. The broken brown and black planet near the center of this star system did show many signs of life and activity, an endless cycle of mining and manufacturing by masses of miner's number in the millions. Hovering amid black fumes and coils of smoke emanating from

vast manufacturing complexes buried deep within the crust of the dying planet were countless shipyards arrayed in the shape of the Eye of Ra.

This planet was once the birthplace of a technologically advanced civilization that had begun exploring nearby stars, wide-eyed in hopes of meeting other races to answer the age old question every space faring race asked at one point in their existence: Are we alone. Nary had a century passed before the race received their answer in the forms of Goa'uld Ha'tak's. Virtually unopposed, the ancient Goa'uld leveled the planet's cities from space, casually dropping Naquadah bombs and unguided rocks down to the planet before enslaving the race. Broken, the captives did little to resist and held the honor of being one of the first of many advanced races that the Goa'uld would conquer for thousands of years.

Their descendants continued the work their ancestors had started â€" mining the riches of their world and aiding their God in repelling outside threats and the advances of preying Demi-Gods and rival deities. On occasion radicals would attempt to sabotage work efforts, hoping to draw their oppressors out and incite mass rebellion. But these attempts rarely last long under the steely gaze of their hawk-headed guards, and many looked away whenever these saboteurs were caught. No one wanted to attract any more attention than needed.

Small mining crafts, reconfigured Tel'tak's and Al'kesh, flew to the surface of two small moons that and spent hours mining the valuable ore, ore which centuries of mining were being taken from greater depths of the moons, and from chamber and shafts that took days to climb out of. But the guards didn't care because if one miner died in the depths of the moon for another would simply take his place â€" there were plenty on the planet below. If a shaft collapsed another would be started â€" there was no use in digging slaves out.

The planet was the crown of jewel of Ra's domain, the most advanced manufacturing site in the far-flung Goa'uld Empire. On average the planet produced a hundred attack ships per year, aiding Ra in subduing rouge Underlords or reminding daring System Lords why he ruled over the empire for tens of thousands of years virtually unchallenged by the rest of his brethren.

The dozens of lethal Ha'tak's that patrolled the system weren't limited by the 104th Council Accord, and because of that their weapon systems, Hyperdrive and other key systems weren't limited like the ships the lesser Goa'uld, even the System Lords, used. One the rare occasion a Goa'uld would attempt to seize a few ships and each their force never made it past the fourth planet before being destroyed by converging attack pyramids.

However the age of Ra was ending. Because even as the miners continued digging deeper in search of Naquadah and Trinium, even as new Ha'tak's and fleets of Al'kesh, Death Gliders and armor for thousands of Jaffa were being forged within the fiery depths of the manufacturing complexes, on a distant world half way across the galaxy, a desert world was being visited for the first time by explorers from a half-forgotten world and hallmark the beginning of the end for the sprawling Goa'uld Empire and the restart of an Old Age.

But for today, it would begin with a rupture in subspace.

The distortion was felt by every ship in the system, even those at the far edge of the system at the Oort Cloud. These ships froze in space, lurching forward as their momentum carried them on their courses. The Jaffa onboard these ships were confused as they desperately tried to maneuver the ships before realizing that their subspace engines had failed.

A handful of ships in orbit above the planet, a constant reminder to the natives below of the power their Gods held, had the honor of seeing the tip of an alien vessel come through the rupture. Subspace sensors tried to analyze the anomaly, and promptly crashed from the distortions the rupture was causing. Jaffa on the planet below and on the ships soon realized that even communication was down, and the ships on the far edge of the system began hollowing for help.

The ship that emerged from the rupture was a dull gray and vaguely semi-triangular, and utterly dwarfed the handful of Ha'tak's that it had emerged over. The Jaffa on them could only stare in amazement at the alien ship, feeling for the time doubts about the superiority of their God. Shivers went down their spines at the sight of the timeless ship, and buried memories of monstrous misshapen creatures and majestic beings wielding incredible power were dredged up from the depths of their subconscious for a brief flash before fanaticism took over.

"Jaffa, KREE!"

Without a second thought, globs of molten plasma erupted from the cannons around the superstructure of the pyramid ships, and streaked towards the ship with hundreds of megatons worth of explosive energy per bolt. Meters from the hull, the bolts smashed into flares of blue light, harmlessly splashing against the hull-hugging shields of the ancient ship.

Energy collected along the lateral lines of the ship and lashed out. Pillars of plasma sliced through the shields of the Ha'tak's and through the Naquadah hulls, casually cutting the ships apart with the finesse of a doctor. The AI on the ship looked at the sliced remains of the ship with a mix of pity and curiosity. It deployed a few attack drones to retrieve pieces of technology from the ship, technology that had vague similarities (albeit crude parallels) to the technology on its ship.

Done with its deed, the ship fired its engines and continued on, having already scanned the world and the system, tagging the wayward ships scattered in the system for study and destruction later on. The inhabitants of the ship weren't pleased at the condition that the planet had been reduced to. Tens of thousands of years ago, the planet had been a jewel, a reminder to their kind of the destructive power they wielded and that for all of their history, they were not infallible. It came across a space station three kilometers in length, ornate and engraved in a language that the AI had never come across before. It filed the lettering away and proceeded to send a few dozen drones to dismantle the station, allowing the plasma bolts to harmlessly splash against the shields of the ancient Dreadnaught.

There was work to be done.

A message was sent to the others waiting at the far edge of the galaxy and Warrior-Servants were sent planet side to cull the planet of its oppressors. It would take a decade, the Ancilla, noted, before the planet would look anything like it used to. Without their facilities or galactic infrastructure to support them, a task like this would have to be rushed, lacking the detail that Lifeworkers put into redesigning or crafting a planet like this.

Charum Hakkor would rise again.

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**I might do more, I might not. If I do, it'll be snippits and show the butterfly effect in the galaxy because of the new... arrivals. If you do want me to continue on though, then review! **

End
file.